# THE SCARLET RUNNER

Twelve Episodes from the Automobile Romance by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Produced in Motion Pictures by the Vitagraph Company, with Earle Williams as Star, and a Separate Cast for Each Episode.

## FIRST EPISODE

## FIRST EPISODE Majesty "But sir." said Christopher." "Lord Thanet has come and—" The gentleman in the tonneau hastily examined the envelope. "It is still unopened. he muttered. "Lord Thanet has not yet had time to read the letter. He wishes to know if he may have the honor of coming out to—" "No," said His Majestv. imperatively, you can go; but in any case you shall have the same money. What are your charges?" "For the eatire evening, 5 guineas," "said Christopher had known slightly and admired greatly at Oxford—the son of a damired greatly at Oxford—the son of a said Christopher. The gentleman in the tonneau hastily examined the envelope. "It is still unopened. he muttered. "No," said His Majestv. imperatively, Go back, Then with leas abruptness: "Go back, that I had done well—as well as a man could do." "And now that I tell you you were utterly fooled, outwitted by men you give Lord Thanet my compliments, and say that I regret not having the time to speak with him this evening, as I have can stepped forward, and the owner "Good; that is settled." The gentlefrom his own. A year or two ago tnere "I and Christopher." "I be deter for them both that you content in the tonneau hastily examined the envelope. "It is still unopened. he muttered. "No, said His Majesty. imperatively. The muttered. "No, said His Majesty. imperatively. The muttered. "No, said His Majesty. "No will learn to read the letter. He wishes to know if he may have the honor of coming out to—" "No, said His Majesty. "And now that I tell you you were utterly fooled, outwitted by men you shall have the same money. What are your charges?" "Brot he exclaimed His Majesty. "I't is better for them both that you count disagrace." "Tord the may have the honor of coming out to—" "No, said His Majesty. "And now that I had done vell—as well as a wall as in, only a quarter of an hour ago, that I had done vell—as well as man could do." "And no "The Car and His Majesty"

CHAPTER I-JANUARY.

The Car and His Majesty. WAS such an unusually beautiful and striking car that everyone looked at it, then turned to look again.

This was what Christopher Race had counted upon. 'Good old Scarlet Runner!" he said

ounted upon.

"Good old Scarlet Runner!" he said as he drove. "Good old girl, you're making your impression."

Slowly the red car moved up Regent street as far as Oxford Circus, where it turned to roll back, like some great, splendid beast pacing the length of a vast eage.

It was past ? o'clock; but the sky was a blue and silver mosaic of stars, and electric globes pulsed with white lights that struck and glinted on the righ scarlet panels of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from aloop and factory, the army of pleasure seekers pouring into restaurant and theater, all looked at the car, straining their eyes to make out the crest—gold and dark blue painted on scarlet; and those among the crowds who were women looked also at Christopher Race.

He drove alone, but he was dressed like a gentleman, not in the gloried livery of a chauffeur. He was a thin, dark, eagle-faced young man, with an air of breeding not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness. His mouth—clean-shaven—gave him strength of character, and his eyes a sense of humor and high daring.

The electric globes lit his face with the fierce intensity of theater foot lights, revealing in it not one mean lights, revealing in it not one mean effected to marry some girl he wanted the story and Christopher care about my life wirch didn't please him, and they were all true.

"He green one both sprang to open the door for him. But he waved them back.

"Is hall sit with the driver." he announced, with the sair of one accustomed with the sky when he sair of one accustomed to quick decisions, and never to have them gained.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an historic place, owned by a man whose sheestors had helped to make out the did know Desmond House.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an history of stars.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an history of saire.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of a

the fierce intensity of theater foot lights, revealing in it not one mean

cut features (or others exactly like them, under a glittering silver hel-met. But, unless he were egregiously mistaken, he had seen the face in a hundred photographs, in as many black-and-white drawings in illustrated journals; he had seen it carica-tured in comic sketches, and flashed on to white sheets by biographs at

on to white sheets by biographs at music halls.

For a monient, Christopher Race forgot all about his car, his errand with the car, and his interest in the car that was disabled. But the first words spoken by the gentleman with the shining hat and neat overcoat reminded him forcibly of all three.

"No better success?" asked a clear voice, in perfect English, enriched by a slight foreign accent.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," apologized, the chauffeur, but I haven't been able yet to make out what's the matter. Something wrong with the carburctor or the ignition."

"I'm late already," broke in the gentleman, visibly bolstering up his patience.

was this moment that the driver

It was this moment that the driver of the red car chose for making his habitual gesture, which he accompanied with the usual inviting smile and questioning lift of the eyebrows.

Instantly the keen gaze of the man with the waxed moustache fixed his. "Why do you hold up your hand?" inquired the clear tones, with the unEnglish accent. At the same time the speaker tried to mask his face in shadow, backing away from the blaze of the two cars' actylene lamps.

"I held up my hand because I'm plying for hire," answered Christopher Race.

Eh? Plying for hire with that car? Tou are joking, I suppose." Tone and eyes expressed astonishment, perhaps distrust. But the red automobile had come to a dead stop, and the gentleman in the tall hat had stepped to the edge of the pavement to examine it at close

or the pavenicat to examine it at close quarters, also to examine, incidentally, its driver.

"Not at all," said Christopher Race, "unless life is a joke, I'm out to gain a livelihood. I have no license to live, but I have a license to drive, if you would care to see it."

me where I wish to go, and wait. If my chauffeur can bring my car round later, you can go; but in any case you shall have the same money. What are your charges?"

"For the entire evening, 5 guineas," said Christopher.

"Good; that is settled." The gentleman stepped forward, and the owner of the red car and the chauffeur of the green one both sprang to open the door for him. But he waved them back.

were all true.
"Besides, if more were needed, I'd

the fierce intensity of theater foot lights, revealing in it not one mean line. But it was not only the good looks of the driver that attracted attention: it was his extraordinary behavior.

He sharply scanned each passerby as if searching the crowd for some lost friend; and whenever he caught the eye of a well-dressed man who might, from his appearance, have a good bank account and a correspondingly good position in society, up went the gloved hand of the motor-driver in evident invitation. At the same time he smiled and slightly litted his eyebrows, se that his whole face seemed to ask a question.

No one responded to his agreeable signals, and he arrived at the corner of Charles street without stopping once.

In this quiet thoroughfare of respectable hotels and better-class lodging houses was drawn up an automobile, handsome enough to rival the red car. It was dark green in color, and it stood silent and sad before a discreet-looking doorway—silent because the motor had ceased to throb; sad because, apparently, there was some malign reason for its silence.

Which didn't please him, and they were all true.

"Besides, if mere were needed, I'd refused to marry some girl he wanted me to take, to please him. So he sent for me, and all my decitful mekness and sevelness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me his plan for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me his plan for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me to take, to please him. So he sent for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me his plan for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me his plan for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me his plan for me, and all my decitful mekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me

sad because, apparently, there was some malign reason for its silence.

As he slowed down to pass the green car, the discreet door opened and a gentleman came out on the pavenient. He was dressed as an English gentleman should be when he is going to dinner on a winter evening in London; but, though he looked above all things a gentleman, he did not look like an English gentleman.

Under the sleek silk hat, and above the thick, white silk handkerchief that filled in the "V" of the black overcoat, was a face which an observant person could hardly have passed without a second glance.

Never before had the young man in the red car beheld that face in the fiesh, save once, when as a little boy he had been taken to a grand pageant to gaze in awe at those same cleancut features (or others exactly like them, under a gilttering silver he! may not. In any case, I wish you to wait."

Ten minutes passed, may be, and the thoughts of Christopher Race had glided from the affairs of his late passenger to his own. He was wondering when he might expect to get his dinner, when the one tiling which of all others he did not expect happened. Close to Scarlet Runner appeared the figure which a few minutes ago had been ceremonlously ushered into the house. There it was—the slift, soldierly form, seeming taller than it was because of its upright bearing. There was the shining hat, shading the clear features; there the folded white handkerchief and the neat overcoat.

and the neat overcoat.

Surprised, but hiding surprise at sight of the guest of the evening, unscorted and out of doors when he ought still to have been engaged with his oysters. Christopher sprang from his seat and waited orders.

"Saunders' Hotel, Charles street, Pall Mall—quick!" said the crisp voice with the foreign accent. But it was less crisp than before, and betrayed agitation

service for young Max had been held out as an olive branch.

Baron von Hess was a good match for any girl below Royalty: Max Land. on the contrary, would have difficulty in make his cause good with Lady Ivy's father, unless, indeed, a monarch should turn matchmaker.

As Christopher started to obey orders he hoped that this mysterious visit had to do with Max Lind and Ivy de Lisie. If it had he was glad that he was concerned with it, for Max Lind—all unknown to Max Lind's clever and handsome self—had been the hero of Christopher's two best years at Oxford.

His hand was on the door, when a call from his employer gave him pause. "Stop!" said the man. "I left a letter here for—let me see—was it for Lord Thanet or his daughter?—one of the two; I really forget to which I addressed it. That letter I want back. I have changed my mind and prefer to write a different one. If Lord Thanet has not arrived, or if he has arrived but has not yet read the letter, I wish to have it again. Should you learn, on the other hand, that the letter has already been received. I will send a message." Christopher went in somewhat bewildered, but knowing that somehow he must succeed in accomplishing his errand.

Christopher was only a poor relation, a mere "forty-second cousin," and, moreover, was under the ban of family disapproval. Nevertheless, Lady Ivy gave him a lovely smile of surprised read a radient beauty when the arm of the smile of surprised read a radient beauty when the arms. crisp than before, and betrayed agitation.

Had his passenger's last question been repeated, Christopher Race could not have answered it truthfully and at the same time decorously, for he was consumed with curiosity.

One had always heard that this celebrated personage was erratic and addicted to making decisions on impulse; but his latest caprice bade fair, it seemed, to break the record. A Royal gentleman is asked to a friendly dinner; he accepts, goes, and before he has had five minutes at his host's table out he pops, unattended, nervous in manner, seemed, to break the record. A royal and demands to be taken promptly back

seemed, to break the record. A royal and demands to be taken promptly back whence he came!

However, Christopher drove on, in a reflective mood and at a pace to suit it, until he had reached Charles street. There, at the door which had given him his fare and his adventure, he stopped. "Go in and inquire if Lord Thanet and Lady Ivy de Lisle have come," the foreign voice directed brusquely.

Christopher's face made no comment on these instructions, but that was be-

Christopher's face made no comment on these instructions, but that was because he had the habits of a man of the world. Within, he was excited and curious, for the Earl of Thanet and his daughter were distant cousins of Christopher Race, and naturally he would have liked to know the why and wherefore of His Majesty's interest in their movements. If the name of Lord Thanet alone had been mentioned it would not have struck him so oddly, for Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomatic service, and had

of the pavement to examine, incidentally, its driver.

In a part years on the Continent. But why its life is a joke, I'm out to gain a livelihood. I have no license to live, but I have a license to drive, if you would care to see it."

I have a license to drive, if you would care to see it."

I have a license to drive, if you are a remarkable pair, plying for hire—you and your car. May I ask if you are in the employment of some person who sends you out on this business?"

I'm my own employer—under Fate. I drive my car; Fate drives me?

I'm my own employer—under Fate. I drive my car; Fate drives me?

I should be delighted to think"—and the keen eyes flashed to the tinkering chaiffeir—"that Fate intands you to drive me. What do you think about it?"

I should be delighted to think that you are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Yery well," said the other; "I will engage you—for the evening. You can take had a tone time been connected with the diplomatic service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it wis full wis full the diplomatic service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it wis full wis full the diplomatic service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why should it wis full do not of the first gentlemen of Europe a service—oh. well, I'm not going to a service—oh. well

VON HESS WAS CRUSHED

of his absence.

What if the man had gone into a trap

had been a reapproachment between compliments also to Lady Ivy de Lisle,

Max the elder and an outraged mon- and I am obliged for the courtesy in re-

it out to his passenger, who all but He was so happy and proud. He be-snatched it in his eagerness. "Good!" lieved that I should succeed—that I exclaimed His Majesty. "Now let us should be able to satisfy you. And get away."

"Dord another." "Lord another."

FIE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME

His majesty took a step toward a door opposite the window, but Max reached it before him and opened it. "I prefer to find my way out alone." said the visitor. His host bowed sub missively, and stood at the door until the erect figure in the dark overcoat the erect figure in the dark overcoat had passed out of sight. Then, softly, he closed the door, and as he came back to a desk which was placed between door and window Christopher Race threw the casements wide open.

"Lind!" he exclaimed, before the other could move to speak, "it's I—Christopher Race. Don't you remember me? There's no time to apologize and explain, except to say that I drove him to the house, and—I've heard some things. I thought you were away with your father. I followed to protect his majesty in case of a plot, I've stayed to defend you from one."

"There is no plot," said Max Lind.

"I am not so sure. I've seen Ivy tonight—you remember we're cousins. She loves you. This will break her heart, poor child."

"Don'!" stammered Max."

She loves you This will break her heart, poor child."
"Don't!" stammered Max. a "I wouldn't, if there were no hope, but, believe me, there is. I want you to wait. I want you to promise—"
"One such promise as I've made tonight is enough," Max cut in, his voice like ice. "You don't know—"
"I don't know what it is you tried to do, and falled in, if you did fall. I suppose you were sent on some mission—perhaps one of those which no government will acknowledge if it fails. arch, and a place in the diplomatic turning the letter unread. They shall

max the elder and an outraged monarch, and a place in the diplomatic service for young Max had been held out as an olive branch.

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She was a laways more than pretty. ment will acknowledge if it fails, and—"
"You are right there. I, stupid fool, thought I had been a brilliant success, and expected a personal letter of congratulation. Ivy, too, and her father—but I cannot talk of it. It seems that I played into the hands of the enemy all the while I dreamed that they were playing into mine. I don't even now understand, but—one takes the word of royalty. You overheard something, but I know you won't betray it. You meant

royalty. You overheard something, but I know you won't betray it. You meant well—though's it's no use. You must forget this scene—wipe it off the slate. Tomorrow—you must be surprised, with the rest of the world, when—"Yes, if. But it's only 'if.' Lind. I ask you to wait till I come back, with news which may make all the difference in the world toyou."

The white face flushed painfully and the tragic eyes dilated. "If you mean to fetch lyy—"

They grasped hands, and Christopher went quickly out by the way he had There, by the car, stood the neat fig-

ure in the dark overcoat, the keen eyes looking this way and that, under a penthouse frown.
"I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you, sir," said Christopher, as he shot out between the half-open gates, "but something, gone wrong with the but something's gone wrong with the

motor, and I went inside to look for you, just to say that I must get her to the nearest garage before I take you on. I won't be long; not many minutes are needed for repairs."

He bent and fumbled, and with a few turns of a spaner loosened the joint

are needed for repairs."

He bent and fumbled, and with a few turns of a spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe near the stiencer. Then quickly he turned the starting handle, and Scarlet Runner broke into a series of sharp explosions, dry as the barking of giant firecrackers.

His majesty stepped back with less dignity than haste, and uttered some exclamation in his native tongue, which was lost among the explosions.

"Til wait for you," he said. And not a word about the silencer.

Christopher Race could have shouted as he flashed away, he car yelping maledictions.

When he had turned two corners and was well out of earshot from No Thoroughfare street he stopped and screwed up the loosened joint, then darted on again; but not to a garage. It was well for him and well for Scarlet Runner that traffic had gone to sleep, and policeman had something more engrossing to think of than springing traps upon reckless motorists, for Christopher drove as if for the winning of a cup; and in eight minutes he was at the door of Desmond House.

To the extreme surprise of the chauffeur in green and brown, the gentleman chauffeur sounded the big bronze knocker with the self-confidence of a prince.

The door flew open, and a footman

disapproval. Nevertheless, Lady Ivy gave him a lovely smile of surprised recognition.

She was always more than pretty, and a radiant beauty when she smiled-smiled with grey eyes and pink cheeks, and a pair of dimples that gave new life and meaning to red lips.

"Why, father, it's Christopher!" she said. "Naughty Cousin Kit! Have you come here to see us?"

"I came to see if you where here, he replied hat in hand for her and for Lord Thanet, who had only the ghost of a smile, with no emphasizing dimples. "I was sent," he added, "by a gentieman who not long ago left a letter to await your arrival."

"Oh, no! we must see what's in it!" broke in the girl. "I can't wait. Kit, you knew Max Lind at Oxford—""ty!" warned Lord Thanet.

"Why shouldn't I tell, as Kit's in His Majesty's confidence?" asked the girl wilfully. "We hope—we think—that Max is to be thanked and honored for a service—oh. well, I'm not going to say what—a secret kind of service, but most important. And if he has succeeded, father's promised that Max and I—"

"I will take it to His Majesty myself, suggested Lord Thanet, and went to the door; but in an instant he had returned.

"You can take him the letter, tell him that my daughter and I have just arrived, that he can guess the crand which has brougt us up from the country to town at this time; that I am completely at his service should he wish to speak with me instead of writing; and we will remain here in the hail swing this message."

Sympathetic now as well as puzzled. Christopher took the letter and carried

Christopher took the letter is a but'. "Twee is a but'."

"Wy god' Yes, sir, there is a but'."

"We you can take him the letter, tell him that my daughter and I have just arrived. "We will be seen livy."

"I will take it to His Majesty myself."

"I w The door flew open, and a footman stood, revealed, staring.
Christopher wrote something on a "This must be given instantly to the gentleman whose name I have written across the top," he said, pointing at an underscored line.
"It's as much as my place is werthmore, sir," stammered the footman, his respect 'ncreasing as the visitor's per-

### Cast for Photoplay

Christopher Race EARLE WILLIAMS James Race ......Charles Kent Lady Ivy .......Marguerite Blake Lord Thanet .......William Green 

His Majesty the King, Thomas R. Mills Martin Linden .......Garry McGarry Krokesius.....Templar Saxe Baron von Hess ....L. Rogers Lytton

emptoriness increased. "I don't see how I could manage it." "I do not care how you manage ft, provided you do manage it; but it will-

provided you do manage it; but it will, have to be managed," said Christopher. "Give me the card again."

The man gave it, wondering. Christopher took from his pocket a five-pound note (his last, by the .way, but that was a detail) and wrapped it round the card.

"I will wait here," said he, "and I expect an answer in ten minutes at lattest."

pect an answer in ten minutes at latest."

He got X in six; but it was neither verbal nor in writing. The man to whom he had sent the urgent message appeared himself at the door.

"You are very good," Christopher exclaimed. "But I knew you would come. "Of course, I came. I am not made of stone," said the other. "And you wrote that it was a matter of life and death for a man I valued."

"Do you value young Max Lind, sir!" asked Christopher.

"I do, indeed, and intend to show my

asked Christopher.

"I do, indeed, and intend to show my appreciation. He has just rendered me a great service, in accomplishing a mission tactfully, adroitly, as few other young men could have accomplished it. And I have done my best not only to assure his career, but his happiness for the future as a reward. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because at this moment Max' Lind believes that you have doomed him to death, as a ghastly failure who has compromised the government for which he was working. He believes that you have put into his hand a revolver and told him the only thing to do is to blow out his brains."

out his brains. "Great heavens! But this is mad-

"It will be suicide in less than as hour, unless you will consent to come

"Leave my friends who are entertain-

"To the wood, Hammersmith, the house of the Linds, where a man who usurps your dignity and uses it for his own-or some other's-advantage is expecting me back every moment."

"A man who— Can you mean Gustav Krokesius?"

"A man who— Can you mean Gustav Krokesius?"

"If Gustav Krokesius is the living image of you, sir, has cultivated a voice like yours, and wears clothes copied from yours."

"He does, and for the best of reasons—because he is what you English would call my understudy. A man who naturally resembles me remarkably, and is paid to cultivate every detail of that resemblance, taking my place during my visit here, whenever I wish it, before the public, that I may enjoy myself as I please and not be spied upon by reporters or—Anarchists. But he is off duty tonight."

"Officially, perhaps. Yet he has been at work, He went to the Charles street hotel, got back a letter left by you for Lord Thanet, who is my cousin, and drove out to the Wood—"How do you know all this?"

"Because I took him for you, and acted as his chauffeur until I began to suspect. Then I came here to set you to save my friend, Max Lind, from misery and disgrace—my cousin, fyy de Lisle, from a broken heart."

"That lovely girl! Ah, I guess the mystery. He is paid for this business by you Hess, who loves Lady Ivy and hates Lind. But yon Hess shall pay more. He shall pay me. As for Krokesius—did you say we should find him still at the Wood?"

"I said that I left him there watching, but when he sees you—"
"We will be too quick for him," said

"I said that I left him there watching, but when he sees you—"We will be too quick for him," said his majesty, looking pleased.
And they were too quick; for he is a man whose prophecies usually come true.
He made several people happy that night; but Gustav Krokesius was not one of them, nor Baron von Hess.
Christopher poured a glass of champagne ever Scarlet Runner's bonnet.
"That's a libation, my beauty," said he.

he.

He was glad that he had quarreled with his uncle, that he was free, with a year of adventure before him.

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

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